KR
OT
CH

KROTCH /

GROWING CUTTING & SMOKING TOBACCO / DECEIVING PRESCRIPTIVISM / DELIBERATELY SHAT PANTS / THE STREETS AND THE PEOPLE IN THEM / THE DIJORN RHOLIK NIGHTCAP / BLACK BOMBAY CATS KILLED OFF / LABEL OF RUBBING ALCOHOL RUBBED OFF / THE TUG AT THE INNARDS / CRISS CROSS IN SKIRT / OUT FOR MORE BEER / BACK OF TAXI PROMISES / GOOD HRANOLKY / CAN OF CAT FOOD LEFT OUT FOR BLACK BOMBAY CATS / JAROMÍR LELEK'S ORIGINAL ROLE / RUG MISSING / FOUND IN DAD'S BIRD BATH / IF LOST / PLEASE KEEP / THE OBEDIENCE OF A SINGLE VOICEMAIL / PERSISTENT ACHING HUNGER TO PISS / JENDA PUDLAK'S END OF ARM KALEIDOSCOPE / TO LEAN AGAINST WALL IN UNISON WITH WALL / POTRAVINY BREAKFAST / STEFAN FIEDLER'S MICROGREEN MACRO / THE SQUARE AS RECTANGLE CIRCLE AS OTHER / NEITHER AS EITHER / ADÉLA HRDLIČKOVÁ'S QUADRILATERAL HUSH IN LIMBO / UNFORGIVABLE JAZZ / GOOD BOOZE / THE HAIRS OF CARPETS AS SMALL TREES / ENDLESS MOMENT OF GOOD / INCREDIBLE VEGETABLES / TYKO SAY'S LAST AND FINAL GARDEN / PHOTO HUNG IN PREMEDITATED POSE / DECEIVING THE DOLL WITH ONE'S OWN HEAD / SLEEPING TO END ALL INTENTION / THE MAN FROM THE PAINTING NEXT DOOR / ELEVATOR AS SAFE SPACE / VIT FACULTATIVE AND THE LIPS / THE FLOWER POT FALLING FROM BITCH'S LEDGE / MICHAEL ROWLAND'S KEEN JEER OF ALL / THE SOUR MILK OUT TO SPILL / DOMESTICATING THE INSIDE OF A SHOE / TO CLEAN THE HOUSE ONLY IN ONE SOCK / THE SOUND OF THE EMPTY TOMATO CAN / FALLING / TUMBLING / THE WHOLE / WAY DOWN / THE STAIRWELL \ **KROTCH**

What is this and why do i suddenly have to pee urgently and not om purpose? The trudging soles of my shoes show me I have no where to go and by the looks of your eyes it appears you are in the same situation. I just robbed a jewlery store to skin the velvet fabric off marriage proposal wedding ring boxes. Real talk. I got robbed on purpose just so someone would stick their hands insidemy pockets besddes myself. This is a set of imstructions. Please if found--sell. for more. Now let me lower my voice to somewhere more suit -able right before you. Imagine you are eyeless and are trying to get to know me. What would you grab for first and what might it feel like? There we go again. Lanague and its groin. Who wrote the bible? God? Everything starts somewhere, some people just happen to do it drunk. Fkn piss mouth. But nothing wrong with walkin round with hands in pockets with no where to go. all been there. all pulled the tab off the bean can and couldnt open the tin. What you thinking? Yeah thats right because you thoughtit, and you know it. The last thing that you thought was poetry, for example, was poetry only because you thouught it was. Did you frame it? Defame it? Shame your own intralogue? Poetry does not belong to the literarate. It belongs to the shitvheads. Poetry as the product of poetics is for a lack of better words. You heard me. Or did you, and if you didnt we might have to reanalyze how language works, which is eaxctly how you got that foot in your mouth in Victotria žižkov--do you remember how those socks taste? I or this magazine are neither liable for the art establishment and what they persuade you to do with your tongue or those persistent handsin pockets. Take drugs. Sell drugs. On accident a nd not because someone told you to. Consider all of your options that goes for language and its empty pockets of hands in there. Fit dictionary quantities of drugs in your pockets and rob the jewlery stpre just for the touch of velvet on your soft soft skin. It will make youk rough like onions do. Langauging will get you tough like onions do. Everyone wins and you knowit too. No one wants to hear someone elseslanguage come out of yourmouth. Eat shit and make people smell what grows out of it. fkn piss mouth. pull the groin out thru your throat, lay it out om the table at the board meeting and dig in. Tell me what you find thereand how it tasted comingoff yr tongue.

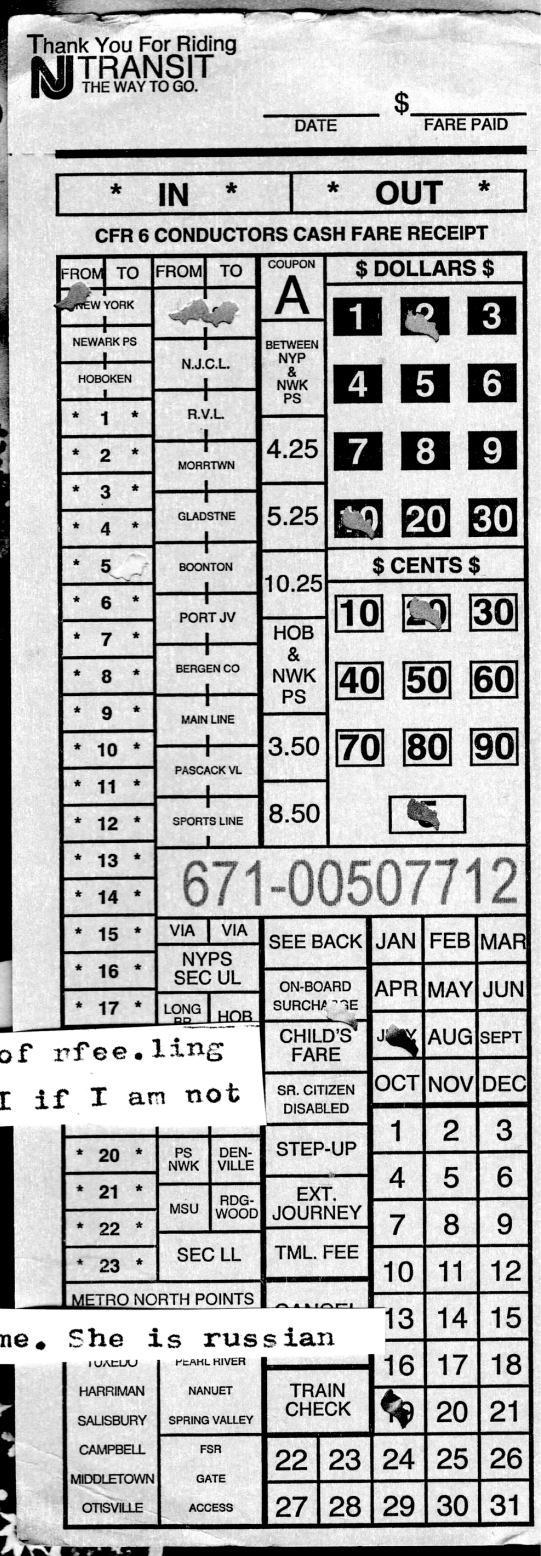
TOO CURIOUS

A professor once asked, pleased we wouldn't know,
Who is really responsible for the death of Ophelia?

at what time does the orgy start
I am horny and wanting fruit, the vegetables
of our grandfathers are ripe, new
not grown yet without meaning.
I am horny and where is
the orgy. When will the real community begin
I am missing the feeling of feeling
wanted. within

I did not know the feeling of
coming down from the high
of the orgy.
A communit is an orgy. The feeling of rfee.ling
is within us to begin with. What am I if I am not
dead, or, having sex.

I want to have sex. I want to love, be in
love and feel nothing else
The womaan in the white skirt is amussing me. She is russian
and I know that I should
not talk to her.
She is drawing pictures of the space
what time does the orgy start.
I am in love with what
I cannot hace do not know
I wanr to play the typewritter like a pucassiam instrument.
There is nothing else like this
on earth. There is a woman who I do not know
what I want to know. She is wearing a white skirt. At what time
does the orgy start.



Like can sb elucidate can bsb break a guitar on stage and set it on fire
can sb piss in a cup and drink it žižkov style, we are talking here
real downtown poetics of split headaching paranoic schizo dreams
we are talking used condoms re used, we are talking vomited out
confessions gulpedback with a relish, we are talking slashed wrists
poured over with oat milk, we are talking without tongues because
we sold them for cigarettes andliterary recognition, we are hoarse
mumbling about the bloody bubbles our gaping assholes make when
attempting to write prose poetry , we are talking Virginia Wolf
in a pond, we are trying to get to the bottom of this, the stuff thats
actually real: not aesthetics, not your asssplitting misplaced
semi colon, we are talking spilledsemen at a congressional hearing
we are talking gossip aboout the time we saw you branik less behind
the gas station, what were you doing there with the truck driver
we know he wasnt your priofessor of linguistics, we know he wasnt
selling you anti freeze we know he wasnt editing your recent
maniscr cript of soon to be self published self demolished poetry
we know what you want to do with the letters and words at your disposal
you want to impress the poor souls who read you as much as we tried
to impress ourselves, you try to deliver a convincing argument
to the end that your existence matters but do you wanna hearthe truth
of ycourse you matter, of course yur confessional poetry is worth a damn
of course all the established poets are now going to invite you to the
granted state sponsoured bachannal of course you will have to
prostitute your talents there of yurse yu are gonna swallow
coz thats the way it is..... or is it.... or is there a glimmer of hope
a sliver of chance that you could make it as you are, tha you could earn
your dailybread by the stuff thats true to you, is there aplace, after a ll
in this world, for value, well , it depends if x how you treat your groin
area, because as we all know, thats from whence all creation flows
and so the question rem ins .... do you even shave?

two decades ago, driven as much by demographics and economics as by politics. During the seventies and eighties, workers came across the border in large numbers, because of a rapidly growing population, a lack of jobs, and a bad economy triggered by the devaluation of the peso after an oil boom. "People were lining up to work," Wishnatzki told me. Immigration accelerated in the nineties and peaked in 2000. By then, the birth rate in Mexico had dropped from 6.8 per cent in 1970 to less than three per cent; in 2016, it was 2.2 per cent, not much higher than the U.S. rate of 1.8 per cent. According to the Pew Research Center, between 2009 and 2014 there were more Mexicans leaving the U.S. and going back to Mexico than there were coming in. And that was before Trump.

Migrants coming more recently from Central America, many of them also looking for better jobs and opportunities for their families, and often fleeing violence in their home countries, haven't traditionally entered the crop-farm workforce in enough numbers to compensate for the loss of those Mexican workers—they've instead found jobs at meatpacking plants and in the service industries.

The average age of domestic farmworkers—the roughly one million seasonal workers who were legalized as part of the 1986 Immigration and Control Act, as well as those who are undocumented—has increased from thirty-three, in 2000 and 2001, to thirty-eight, in 2015 and 2016. "Strawberry picking is a young person's game," Wishnatzki observed of the backbreaking nature of the job. "The aging workforce that we have here, the domestic people, they're getting less and less productive." And these farmworkers don't want their children to do the work, any more than Wishnatzki's grandfather wanted his children to push a peddler's cart. "It's a first-generation thing," he said.

"Right now, the only way we are getting the crops picked is we are getting workers here on H-2A visas," Wishnatzki said. H-2A workers are recruited in Mexico by independent labor contractors and granted limited-stay work visas. The program was introduced in the nineteen-eighties and has become a major source of seasonal farm labor in the U.S. Sixty per cent of Wish Farms' pickers this year are H-2A workers.

Wishnatzki's is only one of a number of startups that are trying to build a strawberry-picking robot. Among them are a machine that has been developed at Utsunomiya University, in Japan, another by Dogtooth, in the U.K., and a third by Octinion, in Belgium. The Spanish company Agrobot is also testing one. There are prototypes of high-tech orange, grape, and apple harvesters in development as well. A Silicon Valley startup called Blue River Technology created a robotic lettuce-thinner that has been getting a lot of attention from California specialty-crop farmers. (John Deere bought the company in 2017.)

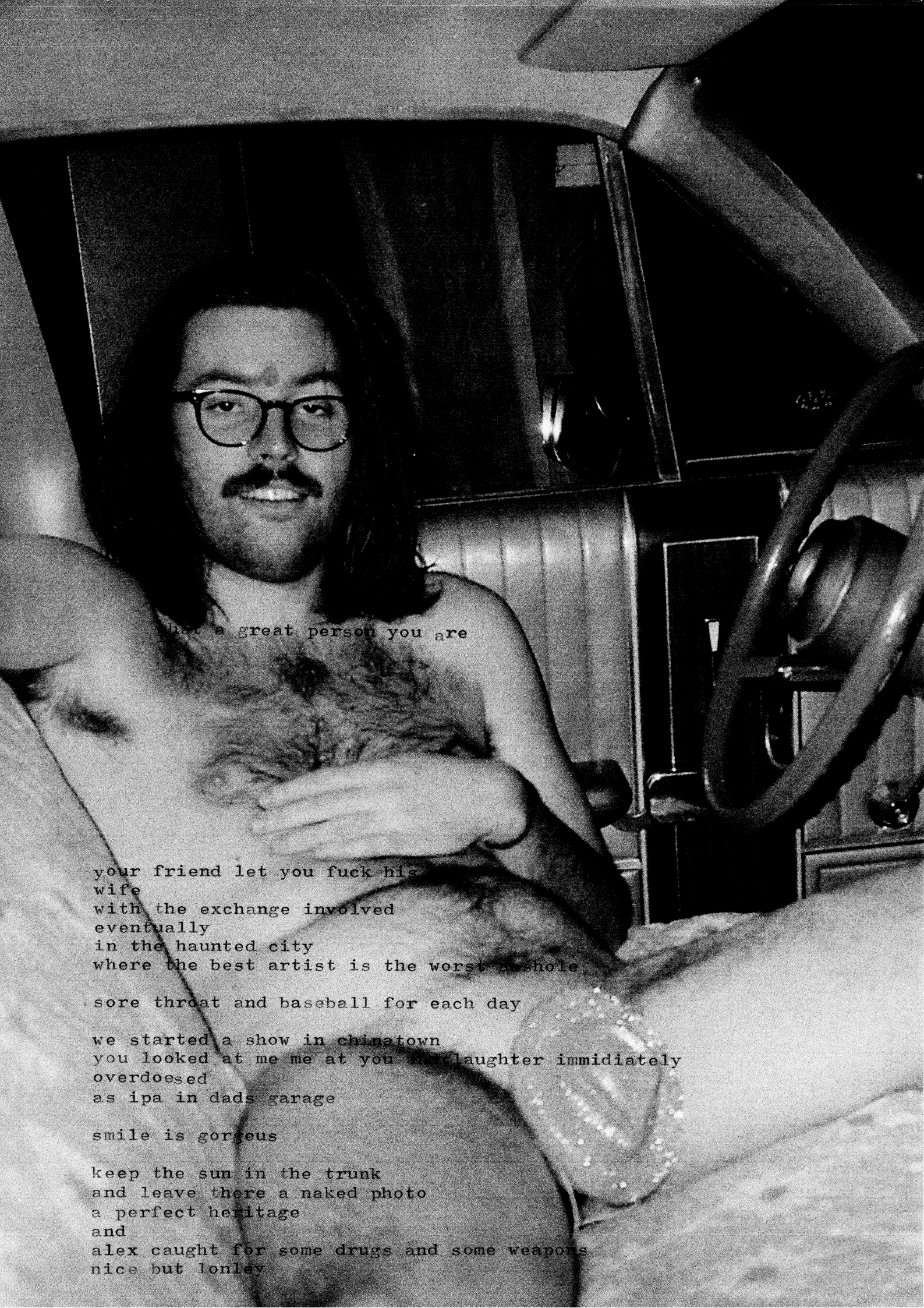
All these prototypes rely on a handful of converging technologies—artificial intelligence, robotics, big data, G.P.S., machine vision, drones, and material science—that have been slowly finding their way onto the farm. Many row-crop farmers in the U.S. employ G.P.S.-guided tractors to lay out their fields. John Deere has been offering G.P.S. for its tractors since 1997. At first, satellite-assisted steering was simply a way for a farmer to keeps his rows straight, rather than rely on a tractor driver's dead-reckoning skills. But for forward-thinking farmers, G.P.S. offers much more than straight lines. A G.P.S.-planted farm provides a foundation on which to build a whole new class of automated farm tools that can use artificial intelligence to solve the hard problems that twentieth-century agricultural automation could not.

To get an idea of what might be possible, I arranged to visit Professor David Slaughter in his office at the University of California at Davis. Slaughter leads the university's Smart Farm Initiative, which explores how future farmers might employ emerging technologies. Drones, for example, can automate the inspection of fields for pest or weed outbreaks, and can use high-resolution cameras and algorithmic processing of the images to pick up incipient problems before a farmer or a hired hand might spot them. Another possible application is plant breeding. Breeders currently rely on humans to evaluate seedlings produced by new combinations of already existing varieties. At a large operation, such as the University of Florida's strawberry-breeding program, which is run by Vance Whitaker, people must manually inspect thousands of seedlings each year to see if any carries the desirable traits that the breeder is looking for. A robot, equipped with machine vision and enough artificial intelligence to recognize the traits the breeder is seeking, could automate the laborious process.

Slaughter showed me a prototype of a robotic weeding machine in the engineering department's lab. His students built it and trained it to weed a field of tomato plants, each of which has its own G.P.S. coördinates. Because the robot knows exactly where the tomato plants are and has the machine vision and intelligence to know the difference between a tomato plant and a weed, it can navigate around the tomatoes and kill the weeds either with a miniature hoe or with a micro-jet of herbicide, which Slaughter described as "an inkjet printer for agriculture." The farmer saves the cost of weeding the field by hand, and spares it a coating of herbicide that many of the tomato plants might not need. It was the nearest thing I saw in what venture capitalists call "digital agriculture" to a Roomba, the indoor robotic vacuum cleaner—a Farmba, maybe?

Summarizing the potential, Slaughter said, "For the first time, farmers can know what's going on in their fields on the level of the individual plant. The idea is that you can run a farm with the same intimate care you would use on a back-yard garden, where you know each plant individually." Farmers could irrigate and fertilize only those plants that needed it, and not waste resources on the current one-size-fits-all approach. Agriculture accounts for seventy per cent of fresh-water consumption worldwide, and, in the U.S. alone, farms use more than a billion pounds of pesticide each year; strawberry farms are especially heavy users. "Precision agriculture," the name given to this slowly unfolding revolution, could dramatically reduce such wasteful and chemical-dependent practices.

Selective-harvesting machines are another application of smart-farm technology. But as a practical matter a farmer



what a great person you are

your friend let you fuck his
wife
with the exchange involved
eventually
in the haunted city
where the best artist is the worst asshole

sore throat and baseball for each day

we started a show in chinatown
you looked at me me at you and laughter immidiately
overdoesed
as ipa in dads garage

smile is gorgeus

keep the sun in the trunk
and leave there a naked photo
a perfect heritage
and
alex caught for some drugs and some weapons
nice but lonley

America
took off her shirt
and showed me her
extreme carolinas
her illegal unshaved
utah. Let me play
videogames with my
shirt off while
uncle smoked newports
in the shower. America
dropped me off at school
without lunch money and then
gave me cookies. SHE seduced
me in the gym office
and made me
pee in her mouth
because she wanted
to try it.
then denied it like
a sick fuck

THE PERPETUAL (MIS) PERCPTION OF HUMAN LANGUAGE

28

A public language cannot exist to discuss the private affairs of our lives. We measure the effciency of communication by the effect of it --it is not as simple as comparing the intention of the speaker to the reception of the listener, but rather what the receiver does with the code once it is transmitted.

(I tell her I love her 1oo times a day--each time for a different reason, but the code remains the same. Or does it? Is it?)

While communication is perhaps the greatest achievment of human existence, language falls short as it is both the folloy and instrument to all human destruction and construction of inter-human action. The problem presents itself when organizations--legal, educational, and cultural--dictate how language should be both produced and received.

If language has to be taught then it is not natural and the reasons for its teachings are to promote a false notion that we all perceive the world the same way. Why is poetry some mystical word and a naughty word--at the same time? It should, and I will repeat this, only be naughty. Poetry that is not naughty cannot be poetry. And, on the other hand, poetry that is naughty is also not poetry. That is simply bc what I perceive as naughty you might perceive as a felony.

Fuck poetry. Fuck public forcing of language habit

speak yr own language.

the poetry will come later.

Drinking, I was drunk

booing, hitting the bottle, lushing
(it up), swilling, tying one on,
wetting one's whistle

bracer, a drop, gargle, hit, jag, jolt
liquid lunch, night-cap, rosiner, shot
slug, snifter, snort, squirt game, tincture
tonic, turps, spec, eye-opener, phlegm-
cutter (first one of the day), leg opener,

hair of the dog, one for the ditch --for
the road, pick-me-up.

bend one's elbow, booze it up, chug,
chug-a-lug, crack a bottle, dip the bill,
the snoot, farm, gargle, get a load on,
get a snootful, get an edge on, get one
going, hit the booze--the bottle, the jug,
the sauce, hoise one, irrigate the tonsils,
knock (one) back, lush--it around, it up;
oil the tonsils, put one/a few back,
shicker, slop down, sneeze, splice the
membrane, suck the bottle, swig, swill,
take a drop))a few((to throw down.

Johnathon Green's thesourus of slang,
one nine eight six

POTRAVINY OCCUPIED AS POETRY VENUE

(NOVÉ MĚSTO) A potraviny known for its beer by the bottle in the city center of Prague has turned into a hotspot for visters from Žižkov.

Since last December, store owner Honza Nguyen has seen an influx of clinetele who are influenced by the misuse of indefinite articles, luke-warm Braník and wearing wigs while rolling dice on the high street while listening to low jazz.

"I don't mind", said Honza who later menntioned that he had always wanted to stand in front of a storefront for hours at a time, but could never find the right way to do it.

A simialir report was written last year on the same group when they were occupying that weird alleyway behind the Albert at Olšanské náměstí, you know that one that always smells like piss?

IMPERSONATION CHARGES FILED AGAINST POET

(VINOHRADY) A self-proclaimed poet residing in Vinohrady has been charged with impersonating themselves after a party on Krymská street.

Witnesses on the scene who were familiar with the man's work confirmed that his writing and actions do resemble that of a poet; however, the bartender revealed that after nine Braníks the "poet" decided to insist a superior status over others at the late-night jazz joint.

Charges were filed against the man early Sunday morning. The man declined to comment when asked by our reporters, "Well, what is poetry then?"

DICTIONARY REVEALED TO BE REPETITIVE, UNREALISTIC

Language users of Žižkov gathered at tramstop Lipanská last evening and deliberated the importance of the dictionary.

The concensus made between the group of people who have been "language users their whole life" insisted that the dictionary is a gross misrepresentation of the world around us, insisting that the classification of language without accounting for the context in which it is used is unrealistic.

When prompted on the solution to language, the group repeated the question several times until it lost its meaning.

May 8th Vlkova, Žižkov

DISPATCH: we have an unhinged mariam webster user out front Branik hotel. Can we get some flat kapped krotch to apprehend this vocab nark?

UNIT KDY: We can be there in half a pack. Finishing a discount literary seize out front Bukowski á

UNIT PIS: On it. Caught the mustache using line breaks in public and bragging about it. Whats the protocol? He was also writing in iambic.

DISPATHH: Theres been a lot of those around lately. Who keeps smuggling the Poetry Foundation into Praha 2? Honza has got to get a grip on these guys. Whos with you? Marek? Hes in the split infinitive ensurance unit right?

UNIT PIS: Thats correct.

UNIT KDY: We got a couple anti split infinitives down here too. Dudes who insist the Romatics "just wanted to show the good in the world", too.

DISPATCH: Alright Ill send some back up, lets grab a couple guys out front Hlavni Nadrazi

Další rána pro hospodské?

UNIT PIS: We ven route, just gonna pacify a couple of heroic couplet fanatics who are threatening lower žižkov with explosive verse, over and out.

UNIT KDY: Fetching a couple of neo Keatsians who refuse handcuffs unl unless made out of lake district rosees.

DISPATCH : Reinforcements en route, hang tough, itsa Wilde night out there tonight, UNIT KANT just phoned in tha t they were overwhelmed by blankverse fascists out front BOHO, deploying special forces, this gig s gonna need some napalm.

UNIT PIS: Wait, the army? is it really that bad? Has Oxford resurface ?

DISPATCH: Its all unconfirmed as of yet, but stay frosty out there, you never know ehre a sneaky oxford comma might have been pkanted. Call the pyro squad in case.

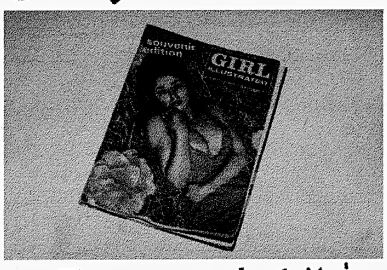
UNIT KDY: Send back up, armed Dickensians are again threatening to blow up theindustrial district. They are expertly camouflag in a coal depot.

DISPATCH: Ok, everybody back off, the army chief of staff just got in touch, they re dropping the H bomb, they gre gonna release a pack of rabid jocks.

ALL UNITS: Oh shit, one almost feels pity for the literati... But ten again...

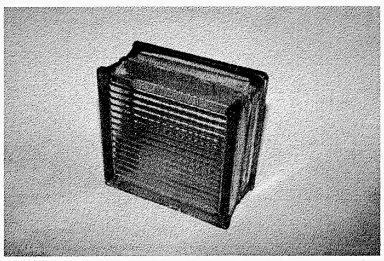
KROTCH KLASSIFIEDS

EMAIL For Goods: SASHA.DIAMOND.H@GMAIL



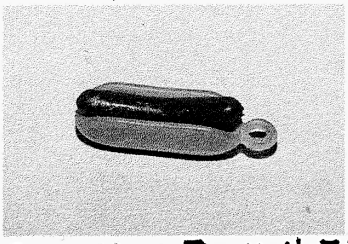
Girl Illustrated Edition 1
4,000 Kč

Who doesn't love 1970s tastefully shot soft porm? This unique edition if full of gold. Good conditiom. No stains, only few missing pgs.



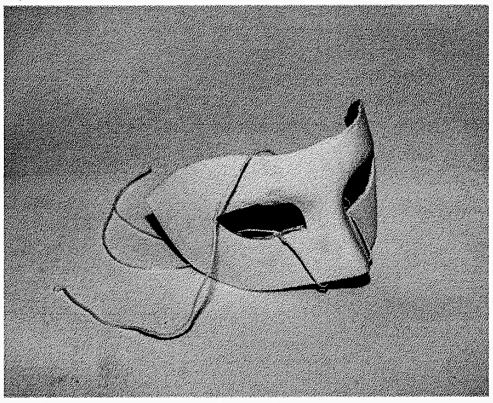
Single Glass Block
400 Kč

A versatile material combining beauty, performance & practicality. Lots of sex appeal. Minimal damage.



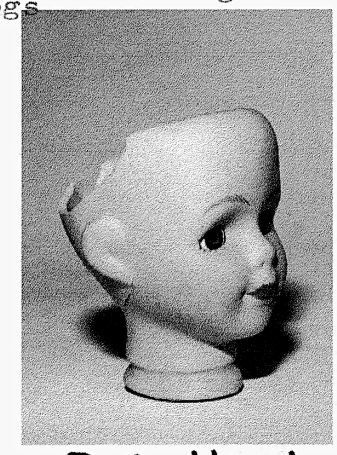
Cracker Jack Hot Dog
322 Kč

A fun & meaty celluloid trinket for hot dog lovers (circa 1980s) full of possibilities



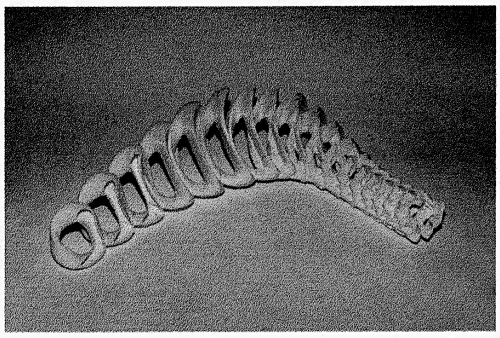
Authentic Venican Mask
666 Kč

Handmade blank mask from Venice. Good gift for smbdy who's crafty & anonymous.



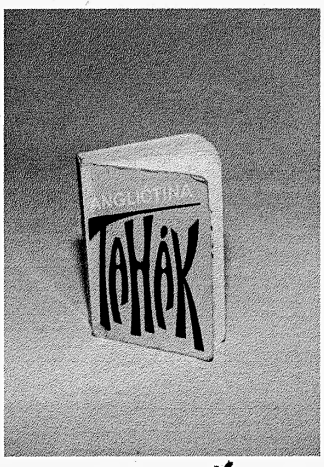
Doll Head
266 Kč

Slightly broken but a pretty face. Good for the home.



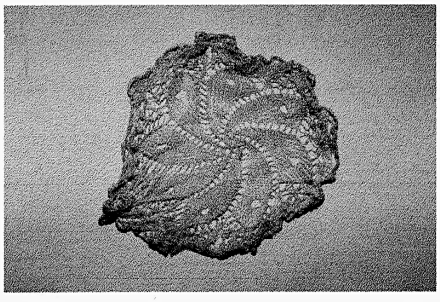
3D Printed Sculpture
800 Kč

Skeletal-like object, found in secret local. Perhaps 1 of a kind. Good condition but fragile.



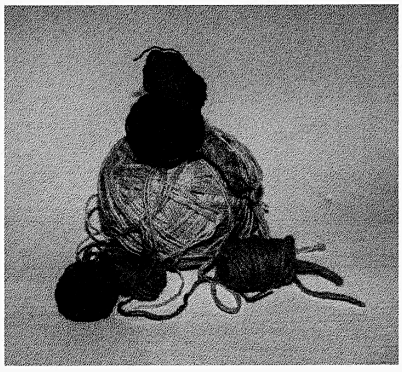
Angličtina Tahák
200 Kč

Tiny Czech-English phrasebook. Idealy for discreet translations.



Large Crochet Textile
333 Kč

Handmade textile by unknown babicka. Unique design. Slightly yellowed by time. Nice condition.



Yarn Assortment
200 Kč

A solid start to satisfying yr yarn collection. No knots gaurenteed!

MISSED KONNECTIONS

M4F - Katerina with arm tattoo (Krymská)
We used to see each other every once in a while at Sberne but it closed down for the 8th time. I'm the guy with three kneecaps....give me a call....you kno who you are

MF4M - Somos dos buscando otro
Aqui en casa. Pintando y con refresco. Quieres venir ahora
mismo o mas tarde/adelante. Si eres pintor, ven, nesecitamos un foreman je je

M4M - Ranch Boy (Andel)
I saw you in line at the movies. I was wearing some awesome Jnco jeans. I promise to be that guy again and never take you for granted

F4M - Dave, you saved me (Olšany)
You picked me up and took me all the way to Sumner. I had no idea what had happened to me, and because I was drugged had no idea I would later be unable to get you out of my head.

F4F - The Choices We Make
We all have choices, we all make them. Sometimes other people make them for us. But you don't choose who you fall in love with, but you do choose who you lie too. I would have much rather remained friends.

F4M - Albert produce aisle (Olšanské Namesti)
We walked by each other a couple times and smiled. You were so beautiful, wish I had the guts to ask for your number

M4F - Prague to Iceland (Flight)
I was a man with a cotton green coat and an REI wool sweater colored burgundy and grey. We spoke of Stockholm and Denmark. You told tales of north Sweden, and if you tell me what you did there, I'll know it was you. If you tell me why you weren't in Argentina, and how many weeks you vacationed, I'll know it was you. If you say what you did in Sweden for a day that made you breath easier but made you nervous enough to stop doing it the next day, I'll know it was you. If you tell me the color of your eyes, and the length of the gold gracing your neck, I'll know it was you. I was tired and reclusive. Never again would I be so in the presence of your slightly sideways ponytail and your fur-lined boots. As I watched luggage go round and round, I wanted to listen to you tell stories about frozen rivers in Sweden and a six-hour train between cities. I'll make you dinner and sing you songs, make you laugh and chase you down the street. What a wonderful time it could be between friends.

WRITE TO US - KROTCH@OBJECTPARADISE.COM

AND Submit yr missed Konnection

KROTCH

Porno Swagger

Screw

I meant X